

At least the food's still good.







Ometotchtli (https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/), Fitday doesn't list crème brûlée. I was going to crow over breakfast, but I don't really have the heart for it right now.

Also, lunch dessert was not bread pudding; it was kutya. <u>But Fitday doesn't have that, either. (https://www.livejournal.com/away? to=http%3A//www.fitday.com/webfit/publicjournals.html%3FOwner%3Dcvillette%26Year%3D2007%26Month%3D9%26Day%3D5)</u>

Made sure I had over half my calories by the end of lunch. No idea how the rest of the day will turn out. Dinner probably won't be Thai after all, though, because, well, because.

Edited to add: Five thousand and change. Good boy.

Wheels up at midnight.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't handle it well. So yeah, I'm

<u>Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets.</u> <u>Scary.</u>

10 comments



l trollcatz

October 6 2007, 14:25:02 UTC COLLAPSE

Hey, I'll tape the heck out of my ankle and we'll hit the climbing gym today, kay?

We'll stick to an easy wall.

Call me when you wake up. I'm in doing paperwork. You guys shouldn't have to handle this; you did enough.



<u> cvillette</u>

October 6 2007, 15:11:48 UTC COLLAPSE

Re paperwork: Jeez. Thank you.

Re wall: 'Zackly what I need. Promise to stretch proper? And not go all superhero and tough it out if it hurts? Blue route, and stay on the rope? If you get more broken, I'll have body parts handed to me. R growled at thirty-minute intervals over the severe shortage of you.

I got Talked To on the plane. It helped a lot.



Yeah yeah you know, it's a thing. Anyway, SR should be pleased I'm upping my fitness level and upper body strength.

I'm gonna ace my next PT.



Oh, yeah, 'cause you were so lame on the last one. *g*

(Don't let that stop you, though.)



Hah yeah.

We should get Hafs to take us to the range and fix what we suck at.



You tell me when and I'll bring the where.



You know, blowing holes in pieces of paper would feel pretty good. If I actually, you know, hit the paper. *g*

Wall today, though. I neeeed me some red route.

Hafs, is range open on Sunday? Or is gunpowder unGodly in VA/MD?



Police range, she open.

I show you shoot, you shoot like damn.



Rabbit saves Bre'r Coyote's tail again! We're rewriting the world's folklore, we are. Catz, Sunday, for when shall we three meet again?



oh seven hundred?

BANG!

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